

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"— VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1814.

[NO. 50.]

THE SULTAN.

A TALE.

Translated from the Italian of Boccaccio.

THE celebrated Saladin, eager to acquire a general knowledge of mankind, and the varying customs of different countries, determined on visiting the most renowned parts of Europe incognito. For this purpose he undertook a voyage to Italy, entered Lombardy, and crossed the Alps. Nothing material occurred during his journey till one evening, as he was hastening towards Milan, a city which he had a great curiosity to behold, he was overtaken by a storm, which detained him till the night was pretty far advanced. Fortunately for Saladin, an opulent citizen of Pavia was travelling the same road, with a commodious equipage, on his way to a beautiful chateau which he owned, on the borders of the river Tessin; seeing with concern the uncomfortable situation of the disguised Sultan, he sent one of his people to enquire if he could be of any assistance; to whom Saladin merely replied, that he wished to be directed the nearest way to Pavia. Thorel, the gentleman, alighting courteously from his carriage, advanced towards Saladin, and addressed him. "Pavia," said he, "is a great distance from this spot; you seem wet and weary, permit me to have the pleasure of accommodating you this evening; you cannot, without great inconvenience and danger to yourself, reach Pavia on foot, my house is near, and I have no doubt of rendering your stay agreeable." Saladin, charmed with the frankness and hospitality of the traveller, accepted his offer with that dignified complacency which convinced Thorel that the person he addressed was of some distinction; and though, with all his knowledge of the world, he was far from divining the real rank of his guest, he treated him with all the respect and attention due to a foreigner of consequence and merit. A supper, the most delicious, was prepared, served with taste and magnificence; and Thorel presented, with the proud exultation of partial affection, his lovely wife to the Sultan. The Signora, whose taste was equal to her beauty, exerted herself to second the hospitality of her husband. It was on a little island, in the middle of the Tessin, that the collation was prepared; under the shelter of lofty spreading trees, the branches of which were illuminated with variegated lamps, filled with perfumed oil. The domestics of Thorel, habited as shepherds and shepherdesses, attended with various delicacies, and gondolas floated round, in which musicians of skill exerted themselves to amuse their employers; and little children, resembling the sylphs of the wood, danced around with antic gestures. Saladin appeared enchanted; such an entertainment, to one unused to the manners of the country, seemed the work of magic.—Nor was he less captivated by the charms of the fascinating Signora; unused to controul his wishes, he expressed them to her in a manner too unequivocal to be misunderstood; but, instead of expressing ungov-

ernable fury, or the ignorant pride of conscious superiority, she took him by the hand, and led him towards her husband—"Thorel," said she, "this stranger, unknowing our customs or ideas of rectitude, has inadvertently insulted me; I know you have too much good sense to resent this improperly, explain to him therefore in his own language, the error he has been guilty of, and let him have no cause to regret the chance which has thrown him among us." Thorel, after embracing his lovely wife with rapture, thus addressed the pretended merchant—"Stranger, be it known to you, that, had you fallen into other hands, your life would have paid the forfeit of your temerity, in daring to insult with licentious offers the wife of a citizen of Pavia; but as we know you have erred unintentionally, the offence shall be overlooked—remember, henceforward, that the beauty of an European lady is her least ornament. The hearts which are united by affection, are bound together by sacred and indissoluble ties, and a breach of faith is punished with disgrace, or death. With this dagger," continued he, drawing one from beneath his cloak, "a more hasty Italian would have avenged the insult offered to his wife: nor would the wound inflicted on the aggressor be more painful than that sustained by a husband's feelings. Take it, stranger, and whenever you cast your eyes upon it, let it remind you, that conjugal happiness is not to be interrupted with impunity, nor hospitality repaid with ingratitude." Saladin, struck dumb by this admonition, received the dagger with an air of contrition, which satisfied Thorel, and the harmony of the evening was restored. In the morning, after a few hours repose, the Sultan departed, impressed with a most grateful sense of the kindness he had experienced, and the generous forbearance of his host, with whose permission he saluted the Signora; and made a solemn promise that, during his stay in the country which had such claims on his gratitude, he would never again attempt the virtue of an European lady.—Saladin kept his word; but his return to the Holy Land was hastened by the unexpected fanaticism which armed the Christians against this formidable Sultan, and spread devastation and horror on every side.

Thorel was among the crusaders who offered to carry arms against the Infidels; and, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of his tender wife, he scorned to remain in inglorious ease, while so many of his friends and relations were already enlisted under the banners of their intrepid prince. The bad success of the enterprise is well-known; numbers fell beneath the sabres of the Infidel foe, others, the victims of disease and toil, sunk into the arms of death, and those which remained were led in triumph to Alexandria, in the chains of the victorious Saladin. Thorel was among these last, but his good sense and naturally mild disposition, led him to bear his misfortunes with the dignity of a great soul, and he submitted to the hardships imposed on him with uncomplaining patience. His gentleness, his learn-

ing and talents, were soon reported to the Sultan, who, partial to the Europeans, notwithstanding their religious zeal had led them to invade his territories, selected Thorel to attend his person, and resolved to lighten the burthen of captivity. Saladin loved the chase, and Thorel was an experienced sportsman; grateful for the kindness of the Sultan, he exerted himself to please, and was soon honoured with the post of falconer. Familiarity gradually created confidence; and Saladin no sooner learned the name and country of his slave, than he was filled with the most lively pleasure, and leading him to his private cabinet, took from thence a dagger, the hilt of which sparkled with diamonds, and holding it up before Thorel, said,—"Think you that an Infidel has no Christian virtues? at least thou shalt learn that he is not deficient in gratitude." Thorel started back in surprise and doubt. "Have you forgotten the wandering merchant, to whom you made this valuable present?" asked Saladin, regarding him with a smile, "that impostor was the Sultan, whose slave you think yourself; but who here vows to be your friend till death."—At these words he threw himself into the arms of Thorel, and they exchanged the most touching promises of friendship.

But while Thorel was thus enjoying all the favours of a magnificent and generous prince, his unhappy wife was a prey to the most heart-rending grief. The calamitous end of the crusade had filled the nation with dismay, and a gentleman of Provence, named Thorel, having been killed in the dreadful engagement, the report reached her family that Thorel, of Pavia, had fallen. The wretched wife, not doubting her loss, gave herself up to the deepest melancholy. To divert her from which, as well as to secure protection for her beauty and fortune, they pressed her to marry again. It was in vain she remonstrated against their persuasions, she was overpowered by their authority, and at length gave a reluctant consent. The day was fixed, for what she considered her sacrifice, and the preparations were beheld by her as the preparations for her funeral.

Thorel, meanwhile, was filled with extreme inquietude; he had received no letters from home: he knew well how much his own affairs must require his presence, yet, he dreaded to require from the Sultan a favour so great as his liberty. Saladin, perceiving his unhappiness, pressed him to disclose the cause; and Thorel, encouraged by his kindness, fell at his feet—"Generous prince," said he, "you have loaded me with favours to which I have no claim, and you have removed your chains from my limbs to my heart. Think me not an ingrate, or that I will ever falsely lift my arm against a friend so just and noble; but you know not, magnanimous Saladin, the sufferings which tear my soul—a stranger to domestic ties, you know not the tender sentiments excited by the remembrance of a wife and family—it is for these I grieve—were it not for these, my sole happiness would consist in devoting my life to you; but I must not pre-

sume further, my tongue refuses to ask what my heart pants for." Saladin regarded him for some time with an air of irresolute anxiety, at length raising him, he said, "Be it so; my intended kindness would be cruelty—you are free—return to your lovely wife, your darling babes, and remember, that your Sultan has sacrificed his own happiness to promote yours.—Friendship is not a less worthy sentiment than love, and Thorel must never blush to own, that his best, his tenderest friend, is an Infidel."

Thorel partook of the Sultan's anxiety, and left him with sincere regret; his voyage was prosperous, and he arrived at his native town without any accident, retaining the magnificent habit which Saladin had entreated him to wear, and followed by attendants; the inhabitants regarded him with astonishment, and taking him for an ambassador from the Sultan, treated him with all possible respect. He soon learned in the village the news of his wife's intended marriage; with a heart torn with anguish, he hastened to his own house, determined to keep concealed; and, if he found that inclination had induced her to give herself to another, he would return and spend the remainder of his days with the generous Sultan. His request to make one at the approaching festival was considered as a great honour, and he was favoured with a seat next to the bride, whose countenance, he remarked with rapture, was clouded by sadness; deep sighs occasionally burst from her bosom, and as her eyes turned on the attentive guest, her tears fell in torrents. "Come, Madam," said Thorel, "you must not yield to this sadness; this is not your first wedding-day."—"Alas! no:" she replied, "it is very different from that—but I submit." Perceiving that they were observed, Thorel said, aloud, "Excuse me, friends if I err; but it is the custom of my country, on such occasions, to pledge the bride in a cup of wine, a ceremony from which we augur much happiness—may I presume to request the indulgence, Signora?"—"I agree willingly," said the lady, at the same time filling a goblet, which she presented to Thorel; he raised it to his lips, and wishing it might be the happiest day of her life, returned the goblet, having previously slipped into it a ring, with which she was well acquainted. There remained very little wine in the cup, and when his lovely spouse had drank a small quantity, she perceived the ring at the bottom. A sudden scream testified her joy and surprise; she turned her eyes on the stranger, who, throwing aside his turban and vest, clasped her in his arms.—"My lord—my husband—my dear Thorel, is restored to me," she exclaimed; "this is, indeed, the happiest day of my life." The guests immediately recognised the pretended Saracen, and saluted him with exclamations of pleasure. The disappointed bridegroom alone seemed chagrined; but Thorel treated him with such delicate kindness, that harmony became general, and they passed a most delightful evening, extolling the generosity of the brave Saladin.

TIME.

HE that runs against time, has an antagonist not subject to casualties. Time ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which others have a right to.

THE INFLUENCE OF FREE MASONRY UPON SOCIETY.

IT may be observed, that Solon,—Lycurgus, Numa, and all the other political legislators, have not been able to render their establishments durable; and that, however sagacious might have been their laws, they had at no time the power to expand themselves over all countries, and in all ages. Having little more in view than victories and conquests, military violence, and elevation of one people above another, they were never universal nor consonant to the taste, or genius, or interest of all nations. Philanthropy was not their basis. The love of country, badly understood, and pushed into limits on which they should not verge, often destroys in warlike republics, the love of general humanity. Men are not to be essentially distinguished by the difference of tongues which they speak, of clothes which they wear, of countries which they inhabit, nor of dignities with which they are ornamented. The whole world is no other than one great republic, of which each nation is a family, and each individual a child.

It was to revive and re-animate such maxims, that the society of free masons was first instituted. The great and first design was to unite all men of sense, knowledge, and worthy qualities, not only by a reciprocal love of the fine arts, but still more by the great principles of virtue, where the interest of the fraternity might become that of the whole human race; where all nations might increase in knowledge; and where every subject, of every country, might exert himself without jealousy, live without discord, and embrace mutually without forgetting, or too scrupulously remembering the spot in which he was born.

The sanctity, which attends the moral qualities of this society is the next branch of the subject worthy of observation. Religious orders were instituted to make men more perfect christians: military orders were founded to inspire a love of glory:—but the order of masonry was instituted to moralize and form men into good citizens and good subjects; to make them faithful to their promises—sincere votaries to the good of friendship—humane, and more lovers of liberality than of wealth.

But free masonry is not bounded by the display of virtues merely civil. As a severe, savage, sorrowful, and inhuman kind of philosophy, disgusts its votaries, so the establishment under consideration, renders men amiable by the attraction of innocent pleasures, pure joys and rational gaieties. The sentiments of this society are not such as a world which love ridicule, may be tempted to suppose. Every vice of the head and the heart is excluded. Libertinism, irreligion, incredulity, and debauchery, are banished as unqualified. The meetings of the masons resemble those amiable entertainments spoken of by Horace, where all those are made welcome guests, whose understandings may be enlightened, whose hearts may be mended, or who may be any way emulous to excel in the good or the great.

From the society in question, are banished all those disputes, which might effect the tranquillity of friendship, or interrupt that perfect harmony, which cannot subsist but by rejecting all indecent excesses, and every discordant passion. The obligation, imposed upon this order, is, that every member is to protect a brother, by his authority; to edify him by his

virtues; to assist him in every exigence; to sacrifice personal resentment; and to seek diligently for every thing that many contribute to the pleasure and profit of the society.

True it is, that the society hath its secrets: but let not those who are not initiated, laugh at the confession: for those figurative signs, and sacred words, which constitute, among free masons, a language sometimes mute and sometimes eloquent, will prevent imposition, communicating at the greatest distance, and distinguish the true member from the false, of whatever country or tongue he may be.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"WHAT COULD THEY BE DOING?"

Lichtwehr, the German fabulist, has the following apologue.—A man who had rambled about the world for some time, at length returned to his native country. His friend flocked to see him; every one expressed their joy at his return, and each was desirous that he should recount to them some of his adventures. The budget of miracles was opened! Among many other things, he said—"You will know, my friends, the prodigious distance from this country to that inhabited by the Hurons;—well, two hundred leagues beyond that, I saw a species of men that appeared very singular to me. They would often sit round a table till the night was far advanced, though there was no cloth laid, nor any thing for them to eat. Thunder might roll over their heads; two armies fight at their sides; the Heavens might menace ruin, without making them quit their places or giving them the least disturbance; they appeared to be deaf and dumb. From time to time you might hear them utter some badly articulated sounds; these sounds had no connection with what they were about, nor were their signification of much consequence, notwithstanding they turned their eyes to some part of the company in a very strange manner. I often observed them with admiration, for they are generally surrounded by spectators, who seem to be attracted from a motive of curiosity; and believe me, my friends, I shall never forget the troubled countenances which I have seen on these occasions. Despair, rage, and sometimes a malignant joy, blended with inquietude, were by turns depicted. Sometimes it was the rage of the Lumenides, then the serious and sullen air of the infernal judge; and then the pangs of a malefactor going to receive his punishment."

"But," said our traveller's friends, "what had those unhappy creatures in view? were they labouring for the public good?" "Oh! no." "Were they searching for the Philosopher's stone?" "It was not for that!" "It was the quadrature of the circle then!" "Still less!" "Ah! we have it—they were performing penance for their crimes!" "You are again mistaken."—"Why, then, you have been telling us of madmen! Without hearing, speaking or feeling!—What could they be doing?"—"They were GAMBLING!"

BON MOT.

A gentleman and his friend passing along Newgate-street were stopped by a crowd; and on inquiring into the cause, were informed one *Vowel* was to be hanged—when one of the gentlemen observed to the other, he wondered *what* *Vowel* it was, and received for answer, neither U, nor I, so let us pass on.

OF GUNPOWDER AND BRANDY.

From Berkley's Minute Philosopher.

"The government of the North being once upon a time vacant, the prince of the power of the air convened a council; wherein, upon competition between two demons of rank, it was determined they should both make a trial of their abilities, and he should succeed who did most mischief. One made his appearance in the shape of Gunpowder, the other in that of Brandy: The former was a declared enemy, and roared with a terrible noise, which made folks afraid and put them on their guard: the other passed as a friend and physician through the world, disguised himself with sweets, and perfumes, and drugs, made his way into the ladies' cabinets, and apothecaries' shops, and under the notion of helping digestion, comforting the spirits, and cheering the heart produced direct contrary effects;—and having insensibly thrown great numbers of human kind into a fatal decay, was found to people hell and the grave so fast, as to merit the government which he still possesses."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Answer to the Lines

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANN R. CROMMELIN.

Though nature's charms may fade around her tomb,
Still memory's wreath shall there forever bloom.

RECEIVE, sad mourner, what a stranger gives,
The tender tear, the sympathetic sigh;
Oh! let my soothings still thy woes relieve,
To thine my muse shall breathe a soft reply.

I heard thy anguish, oh! I knew thy grief,
Tho' nature touch'd thy feelings more than mine:
In sweet Religion I have found relief,
Whose harp to sadness breathes a strain divine.

Tho' thou hast lost a mother's tender care,
A mother loving and below'd by thee,
Still Heav'n propitious will thy loss repair,
And thou shalt meet in blest eternity.

I saw her form where death triumphant smil'd,
To see this lovely visage now his own;
Her look seraphic ev'n in death beguil'd
Her childrens sorrows and her husband's moan.

Mourn not, ye Friends, ye Husband, Children dear,
Oh! let my strains consoling prove to thee,
That tho' she's left this world of pain and care,
Her soul enjoys deserv'd felicity.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

NEWS from London, have been received to Feb. 14, via Halifax and Laguaira, but excepting the official account of the successes of the allies in the battles fought about Brienne in France—the confiscation of French property in Holland, and the taking of the strong fortress of Bois le Duc, we have little more than before published by other arrivals from Europe.

The Bramble, dispatch vessel, from the U. S. arrived in England in 20 days.

A committee of Newfoundland merchants in London have made application to the government against the interest of the United States and France as to the fisheries.

Under the New-Orleans head of March 8, it is stated that the privateer schr. Fox, of Baltimore, had arrived there from a cruise, having taken 8 prizes, one of which was the King's packet Lapwing, after a severe action of 15 minutes, in which the Lapwing had her capt. and 14 men killed, and 8 wounded. On board

the privateer one killed, and 3 or 4 wounded, including the captain. One of the Mail bags was secured.

It appears by a letter from Norfolk, that Admiral Cochrane with four sail of the line, five frigates, and some small craft, had proceeded up the bay.

On Tuesday night the 15th inst. seven British barges containing about 250 seamen and marines, ascended Saybrook river to Pettipaug, and set fire to twenty six vessels lying there, and returned next night to their ships, it appears without any loss. Among those burnt were the ship Superior, and a Hartford brig. The loss of property destroyed is estimated at 200,000 dollars.

Accounts from Odletown, Lower Canada, state that on the 30th ult. General Wilkinson, at the head of his division, with the riflemen under col. Clark and major Forsyth, made an unsuccessful attack on the enemy at La Cole Mills, not far from the Isle-aux-Noix; with the loss it is said of from 100 to 150 killed and wounded, with a few missing, but afterwards returned in good order to Odletown.

A letter from Leghorn, to a Commercial House in this city, mentions the expulsion of the French from that city, on the 31st of January.

A sloop from this city, to West Point with United States troops, upset off that place the 6th inst. Five of the soldiers were drowned, and 15 badly hurt.

A bill has passed the legislature of this state, prohibiting any insurance being made in this state, after the first of May next, by, or on behalf of any foreigner, under the penalty of 1000 dollars for each offence.

A British barge, with about thirty men, it is said was taken in James River, the 3d inst. by a party of Virginia militia.

The cartel schooner Chauncey, capt. Depeyster, for Gottenburg, sailed last Monday, with despatches for our ministers at that place.

The National Bank business is said to be laid aside for this session of Congress.

Rumours of an armistice having been agreed on between the President of the U. S. and gen. Provost, the British Gov. in Canada, has been in Circulation this week; and although nothing official about it has yet come to hand, it seems to be the general opinion, that this desirable event is not far distant.

We notice under the Havannah head, the arrival there in a Spanish ship, from Moran, coast of Africa, of 138 unhappy Africans out of 304—the remainder having died on the passage.

The bill to repeal the Embargo and Non-Importation Acts has passed the House of Representatives, by a majority of nearly 80 votes, and since by the Senate with alterations, which go to prohibit the departure of any American seaman, or citizen, from the ports of the U. S. on board foreign vessels, without a passport from the Secretary of state.

The Nimrod, British brig of war, has captured five sloops in the Vineyard Sound.

Accounts of the most horrid massacres at Venezuela, (South-America) by those calling themselves patriots, have been received by the arrival here of the schr. Achilles, from Laguaira. In the space of eight days it is said upwards of 1600 European Spaniards were put to death in the most inhuman manner; and that the like excesses were going on at Carraccas.

A report from the Eastward, by a skipper who had been just released from a British frigate, is in circulation. It is, that a brig with dispatches from England had brought advices that the Allies had entered Paris, and that Bonaparte had gone to Corsica.

Bonaparte it is said has set the Pope at liberty, and he has returned to Rome.

The Editor of the New-York Weekly Museum respectfully informs his Patrons, that being frequently solicited, he has it in serious contemplation to alter the form of his paper from a Quarto to an Octavo size, at the conclusion of the present volume, which will end the 30th of this month. The convenience to the subscribers, as regards binding—its portable form, resulting from such an arrangement, must be obvious to every one. The Price will be the same as before.

The Sheet shall consist of eight pages, to which he will annex a wrapper, upon which he proposes to insert advertisements EXCLUSIVELY, which he invites.

Nothing that a zealous attention can afford shall be wanting, and he confidently hopes that his proposed arrangement will meet with the approbation of his Friends.

APRIL 2d, 1814.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Berrian, Mr. O. S. Balster, to Miss Ann Bennet, daughter of Mr. John Bennet, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Benjamin Underhill, to Miss Mary Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Silas Lawrence, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Westbrook, Mr. John C. Van Wyck, to Miss Delia Griffen, daughter of Mr. Jacob Griffen, deceased, all of Fishkill.

By the rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. William King, to Miss Lydia Van Antwerp, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Wilkes, Mr. John S. R. Jacobs, to Miss Sally Van Allen, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Phineas Cook, Mr. Jacob M'Connel, to Miss Harriett Lippincott, all of this city.

At Mamoroneck, Westchester County, Jonathan G. Tompkins, aged 80, (father to the gov. of this state) to Mrs. Phoebe Reynolds, aged 36 years.

At Trenton, by the rev. Mr. Rue, Dr. Thomas L. Woodruff, to Miss Ann Carle.

At North Hempstead (L. I.) by the rev. Mr. Hart, Dr. John Davison, to the amiable and interesting Miss Eliza Mott, daughter of Mr. Richbill Mott.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mr. Henry Roome, aged 85, one of the oldest inhabitants of this city. He lived beloved and esteemed, and died lamented by a numerous circle of friends and relations.

Mrs. Esther Steele, wife of Mr. Robert Steele, aged 33 years.

After a short illness, Miss Eliza Marcellin aged 16 years.

Mr. William Rutledge, aged 64.

Mr. James Carr, aged 39.

Mrs. Mary M. Redett, aged 71, wife of Mr. Mathew Redett.

Mrs. Phoebe T. Jaques, aged 46, wife of Mr. David Jaques.

Mrs. Mary R. M'Laughlin, daughter of Edward M'Laughlin.

Mr. Bernard M'Laughlin, aged 33.

On his return from a Southern Journey, Mr. Edward Rawson, of Mendon, (Mass.) aged 26.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, wife of Mr. John Rose, in the 53d year of her age.

Mrs. Catharine Herbert, wife of Mr. Thomas Herbert, in the 44th year of her age.

Mrs. Julia Ann Winthrop, wife of Francis Bayard Winthrop, jun. esqr. and daughter of Moses Rogers, esqr. of this city.

At Huntington, L. I. Mrs. Mary Ballard, aged 88, an old and respectable inhabitant of Jamaica, L. I.

In Alstead, of the spotted fever, on Saturday, March 20, George W. Gary, aged 8 years; sick 20 hours—Monday, 21, Charles S. Gary, aged 3 years; sick 25 hours—Tuesday, 22, Eunice Gary, aged 11 years; sick 17 hours—Thursday, 24, Otis P. Gary, aged 9 months; sick 13 hours—same day, Mrs. Polly Gary, aged 38 years; sick 54 hours—Friday 25, Polly Gary, aged 15; sick 3 days and 18 hours. The above were the wife and children of Mr. Aaron Gary. He had buried three children before. [The spotted or putrid fever it is said prevails to an alarming degree, particularly among children in the east part of Shaftsbury, and is awfully sudden in producing its fatal effects. In the course of a few days two children of Mr. Clarke Burlingame; two of Mr. Otis Howard; one of Lyman Burlingame; and one each from two families whose name we have not heard, have been numbered with the silent dead, after a few hours illness in each case. A son of Mr. Erastus Sencerance, of Burlington, and a child of Mr. Ora Dimick, of Pownal.]

Rutland, Vt. Herald.

At Newport, (R. I.) on Monday evening the 21st ult. SAMUEL CARR, esq. aged 60. The circumstance of his death is peculiarly distressing—he had been to visit a sick uncle, and departed from thence about 7 o'clock, when he was blown off the causeway leading from Washington-street to the Long-wharf, the wind blowing almost a hurricane. His body was found the following morning.

At New-Haven, Mr. Increase Cooke, a respectable bookseller, aged 43.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO ELIZA.

HARD is thy fate, Eliza, here;
Thy griefs and troubles sore;
Thy husband, who to thee was dear,
Returns to thee no more.

Fleet was the morning of his days;
His evening came at noon:
He sunk in his meridian blaze,
And left thee here alone!

No more is he thy bosom friend,
Nor can thy griefs redress;
Therefore, resign and recommend
His soul for happiness.

While thus his body turns to clay,
And all his pains are o'er,
Methinks I hear his spirit say,
"Eliza, weep no more:

For, though within this narrow bed,
Unknown, unseen, I sleep,
And for my loss thy tears are shed,
Thy helpless orphans weep;

Yet, to my parent earth I've fled,
To wait my final doom,
Till Gabriel's trumpet wakes the dead,
And calls me to my home.

O, seek that Christ who died for me,
Each penitential heart;
That we may meet beyond the grave,
Where we shall never part—

But join that bright angelic throng,
Which bow before the Lamb,
With joy and melody of song,
And praise the great I AM."

T. F.—K.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ADDRESSED TO C. R. L.

TELL me, my friend, should I be sad,
When every thing conspires to please:
My cheeks can prove the hand of health,
And in my heart is mirth and ease?

Perhaps you'll say, time glides along,
The years are hast'ning to depart,
Soon Death may close my laughing eye,
And still my little lively heart.

Well, if the fates have held to view
A blooming rose, that soon will fade,
I'll strew my little path with flowers,
And calmly sink among the dead.

And should kind Heaven revoke this doom,
And bid me have a lengthen'd life,
I still will keep a lightsome heart,
Or wage with grief eternal strife.

But if I'm mark'd as sorrow's child,
Roll on, my hapless days, in haste;
Moments of pain, and months of woe,
Fleet on, ye cannot fly too fast.

ELLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

By inserting the following youthful Production, you
will oblige one of your readers.

A THUNDER STORM.

HARK! a distant sound; how loud, yet soft!
Another still! but harsher when compar'd.
The lightning flies, well charg'd with vivid fire,
And throws its blazing torches through the skies.
The sable clouds expand their wings, and spread
Their cloaks of blackest dye, we'll fill'd with thunder.
Then soon creation shakes throughout its frame;
And thunder penetrates its midnight veil.
Next torrents pour, like oceans fathomless,
And, with their watry stores, creation drench.

The feather'd tribes, affrighted at the shock,
Swift homeward bend their course, their young to save,
And seek a shelter in their trembling nests.
The beasts of prey, enrag'd and terrify'd,
Retire within their low dark dens; which quake
At every lightning's flash, and thunder's roar.
'Tis darkness all; save where the lightnings wing
Their red-like forks, and, for a moment, blaze.
And silence all, save when the thundering steeds
Rush forth, their tearing bolts afar and wide to hurl.
But, presently, the sun uplifts his head
Beyond the shading clouds, and sweetly pours
His dazzling rays, to gild wide nature's scenes,
And chase the darkness to its midnight realm.
Now soon the savage beasts forsake their cells,
And onward haste, their appetite to glut.
Well pleased with the joyful change, they play
In mutual mirth, and all their rage appease.
Likewise, the winged race come forth with notes,
(Than which, no voice can sound with milder strains)
To gather food, their young to satisfy,
And visit various climes, in distance far.
Thus, nature wide rejoices at the change,
And praises God, her author and her stay.
How, then, should man reflect; when he beholds
Such works, unequal'd by the power of man?
Should he not join with nature too, and praise
The Rock, that higher is than him; and say,
Great is the Lord, and much to be extoll'd,
For all the gifts that he to man imparts?
Yes, forever should he mark his low estate,
And worship God, the author of his fate.

J.—R.

THE LEGACY.—IMPROMPTU.

A LADY, lightly, sweetly fingered o'er
"The Legacy," a favourite song, by Moore;
Another lady sat reclining by,
So that a beau, right opposite, could spy
A finely fashion'd limb! "Pray, Sir," said she,
"Tell me, do you admire the Legacy?"
"O yes," he quickly answer'd, full of glee,
"Fair maid, I much admire the Leg I see."

Morality.

THE GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY OF NATURE.

(Concluded from our last.)

IF we lift our conceptions a little higher,
and try to look at the supreme felicity of HIM
who is most blessed for evermore; we remove
every pathetic sentiment, and conceive of pure,
cool, unruffled solemnity. Every view we take
of that undefinable essence is perfectly original.
If we look at the mind of man we behold
succession and vicissitude, we see the ideas
following one another in an active busy crowd.
Imagination is sketching out her picture; the
pulses of passion are throbbing with quick
vibration. If we look up to the Eternal
Mind, as far as reptiles can see, we behold a
calm, composed intelligence, unprejudiced,
undisturbed, immoveably fixed in the centre
of eternal truth. If we try to look into that
bosom which is the seat of eternal peace, all
is dispassionately grand without the least
spark of pathos. Not a pulse is seen to beat;
not one emotion stirs to interrupt the religious
stillness of his sublime enjoyment.

Thus have we slightly traced the various
expressions of beauty and sublimity. How
harmoniously they conspire to adorn and ag-
grandize the picture of nature! With what a
celestial glow they irradiate the temple of vir-
tue! With what united energy they kindle the
flame of holy extacy!

Let us listen to the music of nature with
veneration. How is the whole soul of har-
mony poured forth into all her works? When

we hear a fine pathetic note at a distance, how
do we wish to behold the unseen musician?
How, then, does imagination burn; how does
curiosity strain; how does every passion heave
to contemplate that sublime harmonist, whose
melody is poured into the listening ear with
such divine energy; and seizes the captivated
heart with such triumphant pathos?

When we view this illustrious and beauti-
ful frame, how could we wish to behold the
grand designer, whose compass drew it with
such mechanic exactness; whose pencil ar-
rayed it in such beautiful colours; whose wis-
dom irradiates its boundless sphere; whose
soul inspires its elegant scenery; whose
amazing energy rolls it round its axis; whose
inspiration beams universal sentiment, and
kindles universal pathos; whose providence
numbers every hair, and counts every pulse.
How could we wish to behold so mighty a
cause! Imagination looks with a straining eye,
but her object is in the dark. Our sketches
are all vague, random, indefinite. A spirit is
before us, but we cannot discern the form
thereof; yet among the confusion of oppos-
ing systems, the distraction of perplexed in-
telligence, ONE TRUTH is divinely conspicu-
ous; even folly shall see it; even apathy shall
feel it; and gratitude proclaims it with tears
of joy—*The father and the friend are present,
wherever there is a child to protect, or a rep-
tate to befriend!*

Anecdotes.

A VERY SAD DISEASE.

The ingenious Marivaux, having one day
met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity
of him, he replied—"My good friend, strong
and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do
not go to work."—"Ah master," replied the
beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am!"
—"Well," replied Marivaux, "I see thou art
an honest fellow, here's half a crown for you."

LET BOTH SPEAK AT ONCE.

Dr. Johnson highly disapproved of a ridicu-
lous practice that prevails with many parents,
who exhibit the talents of their children to
every visitor, often in the most disgusting
manner. He was once with a friend who pro-
posed that his two children should repeat
Gray's Elegy alternately, that he might judge
which had the best cadence. "No pray sir,"
says the doctor to the astounded father, "let the
dears both speak at once—more noise will by
that means be made—and the noise will be
the sooner over."

An ignorant fellow seeing several persons
reading with spectacles, went to buy a pair, to
enable him to read. He tried several; and
told the maker, they would not answer, as he
could not read with them. Can you read at all,
asked the other—No, says he, if I could, do
you think I would be such a fool as to buy
spectacles?

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